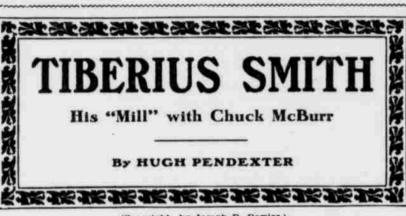


THAT SMASH ON THE JAW WAS LIKE HAVING AN ELEVATED HIT YOU.



(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

We loafed about Godthaab for two | compels me to insist that had the weeks before I could prevail upon Tib | Wharf Rat led with his right he would to let the Arctic circle giants go by the board. Then we caught a Newfoundland whaler and beat across to Cape Gridley, where we were to look for any mail that might have been brought up by the last boat.

"Then came the frisk of wind that drove the tub well inside and made it imperative for us to tarry in that dread northland for yet another bout with fate, in which, incidentally, Tib was destined to eclipse all Ribby O'Hara and Harlem Slasher records, and make the Butcher's Own, with his new scissors blow, look like an aged dame working doilies. For it was after we left the whaler in high disgust at Tuvak, or the Smooth Rock tradingpost, that Tib Cleaned up Chuck Mc-Burr, the welter-weight champion of the Little Seal river and Hudson strait. A million-dollar baby boy was the gate receipts, and the winner was

"Now, you know, I had always hankered for the boxing game a bit, but man in a righteous cause could mace the average pug into oblivion. Yet despite his aversion to professional bouts, he opened a new vista in fistic possibilities, and was the first man to introduce the sprocket-wheel smash to the shores of Ungava and the Strait. Dear, dear! what a mill it was, and neither of 'em wore the American flag or talked into phonographs!

"But let me hark back and not spoil the finale. The circus management had given Tib carte blanche to pick up whatever odds and ends he could in event of failure to snare a giant, and as a side issue he had brought along the faithful old picture machine that once made him president of Arcate. It was his intention to snap a series of pictures of the rough and rugged life, on the side, and profit by them when once embarked in business on his own book. This machine we had tenderly brought with us from Godthaab on the whaler. As soon as we reached the post, Finzer, the agent, gave us a 22-carat welcome, and when Tib set up his gallery in the long, low house and began squirting on the screen scenes from Central park and Palm Beach, our host could only wipe away pearly tears and moan, 'Man, man, never leave us. This was a great game of Tib's. With that loyal apparatus he knew he could capture the affections and cooperation of any agent or factor on the circuit and obtain more favors than if he had paraded out a fat salary. It was to them what beads and tin cans are to aborigines, and more than once did we find the move paid for all bother and expense.

"And because he understood these men and had anticipated meeting them, he had waived his hostility to the bruising pastime and had trotted along three or four six-round goes be tween different celebrated Chickens and Gouger Boys. I thought the gang would go daffy with glee. They kept him working the films slowly, so they could dope out just how each lemon was donated. And the old boy, although the pictures had taught him all he knew of the sport, could so adapt himself to our host's humor as to rant learnedly on just how a telling joit was delivered. When the screen got hazy he would illustrate on my person, and the spectators quickly de-

cided he invented fist-cuffs. I confess I deplore its brutality, he concluded, apologetically, evading

have sent the Smasher to the ropes. "'Ah,' sighed Finzer, lamely sparring at his shadow, 'if one of those lads could only stub up against the Chuck McBurr outfit and chasten it."

"This called for an explanation, and our host described McBurr as a very unwholesome neighbor. It seems his long, lank frame contained the crossed blood of the Athabascan Injun and the worst traits of a white sea captain. Finzer said Chuck's grandpa was a New Bedford whal-r, when that port was wearing out the water with its many boats, and had lost his ship in Ungava in the early days. Half crazy, he had refused to return and face the owners, and had joined a tribe of vagrants on the Little Seal river instead, and ultimately took a wife. One thing the old fellow was strong on, and that was the art of self-defence. Sea captains in his day, of course, had to be ever ready to go to the mat with a mutinous sailor. Thus, because of his prowess and the Tib, because of his New England up Little Seal people's ignorance of the bringing, had but little use for the pummelling business, he soon came to be considered the

> icine on the coast. "Naturally he taught his son the game, and so it was handed down to the present polyglot, who now bossed

the tribe. "Taken all together, they are a bad combination, all right,' declared Finzer. 'Several of our boys who had stolen up there to find out where they mine the gold they sometimes bring here to swap for rum, tobacco and gunpowder have forgotten to return. Chuck's people are not at home now, but when they return I am going to collect a few of my men and run them out. Only last night my best hunter was telling me the missionary at Tuvak had lost his one-year-old boy-been kidnaped, you know; and if Chuck McBurr wasn't in on the deal the youngster eloped by himself. Say, give us some more of those fights.

They're great.' 'It was Finzer's chance remark about the gold flakes, mined by the tenants of the Little Seal, that set Tib to yearning to discover their lode. 'Now that this Chuck, or whatever they style him, has led his children up north, why not sneak over to that stream and do some prospecting,' he began; and I knew he would have his way. For two days I stood him off, but as Finzer repeated there was no danger, the territory being deserted, I finally capitulated, and we borrowed two men and a boat and ultimately knocked along the coast and landed at the mouth of the river. We ordered the men to drop anchor and await our return, and to send a posse after us if we failed to ring in after seven days.

"For the first day we hardly got out of sight of our boat, so intent was Tib examining every bit of ledge and tampering with every bowlder with his hammer. But we didn't find enough gold to fill a tooth. For the next two days we pressed inward rapidly, and one night, while making coffee on a little island, about as large as your hat, and reached by jumping from rock to rock, I made a big hit. island was apparently the butt-end of a gold mine. In fact, it needed no geologist to see we'd made a happy haul. Almost every layer of ledge, facing up stream, that I jerked loose contained several scales of the lovely stuff. Tib said if we'd only follow the banks until we struck some falls we

doubtless could scoop it out in hunks. "'Oh, yes,' I lamented, as the circle narrowed and a galaxy of ugly squaws | blood when the old sport called on formed a menacing fringe on the out-

right. I'll gamble he's miles from

"'Don't blame me, Billy,' remon strated Tib. 'Maybe they're not so bad as the posters describe. Finzer swore they were absent. Anyway, they havn't hurt us yet." "Just then Chuck himself strode

through the gang. "Then in quaint English he asked what we wanted and why we wanted it. Tib artlessly said we were looking for gold, and at that the big miscomer snapped his teeth and gave an order

to his aguat followers. In a second we were flat on our manly backs with our pockets turned inside out. When they struck our treasure-trove I thought they would succumb to unwholesome anger, while Chuck, dancing up and down, bellowed for us to tell where we had found color.

"Tib refused until we had come to some agreement as to our safety, whispering to me that if we could only dally with Father Time for two or three days the relief expedition would probably find us.

'After we are dead,' reminded Tib.

oftly, 'you'll never know,' "This struck the half-breed as be ing closely related to exact truth, and he reluctantly put up his toy and ordered some of his babies to tote us into a hut. As we were shouldered along Tib stopped short and cried: 'Hark! Hear that, Billy? It's a child crying, and a white child, or I never managed a circus.'

Mr. Chuck growled something naughty and slapped the old chap's face, whereat Tib displayed seven different angry colors, and we were hustled away from the neighborhood of the plaintive wailing. 'The missionary's kid,' I reminded, in a whis-

"That night our ruddy host visited us again and tried to wrench the secret of the lost lode from our unwilling bosoms. 'If you don't tell, I am to whip you each day with these." he said, thrusting forward two castiron palms, each as large as a seal's flipper. Then he made a few savage passes near our respective heads as an intimation that when the blows fell they wouldn't be mistaken for thistle down. And we both observed that he was no novice with his dukes.

"'What class is he in, Billy?' inquired Tib, drowsily, as I tossed on my skins unable to close an eye. Think he must be in the ten-ton class. Thinks he's a fighter-out of date, antique-rolling guard-I could -' and the old fellow was sound

asleep. "In the morning Chuck bounced in and point blank demanded me to tell where we had found the flakes. I had no sooner refused than I got a jolt that for causing constellations had a midwinter's sky backed from the heavens. That agitated Tib, who sprang forward, only to be measured beside me by a neat left hook. I was so angry I shed a few vain tears. There is something so extremely humiliating in a man's saucy fist.

'No cutting,' he grinned, turning to go. 'But lots of times I do this with these,' and he admired his huge pads proudly.

"After he had left us, Tib collected his head together and tried to think. 'How was that solar-plexus blow given?' he suddenly asked.

"'Why,' I groaned, nursing my jaw, he simply uncoiled his arm and thumped me.

"'No, no,' said Tib, pettishly, 'I mean in the picture we were showing



ing to the Ropes.

Finzer, where the man with a head like a bean knocked out a tall, angular shrimp. "I explained listlessly, and was an

noyed when he began going through with some physical-culture stunts. 'It's so different,' he observed, ducking nimbly and sparring at the center 'Ah, would you!' Ke-thump! 'When I was young it was a simple rushing, clinching pastime, with only the ear and eyebrow hold barred. And what was that hook the man with the freckled legs operated so neatly in folio number six?'

"Tm dead sick of this fighting business,' I snaried, as my jaw gave a jump. 'Ain't you got enough?' "Never, my child,' he cried, softly

but firmly. 'Watch me.' "And hang me, sir, but if he didn't walk to the exit and begain calling Mr. McBurr a variety of undignified names in the trappers' patols.

"The heathens speedily gathered around, awed by his hardihood, and two squaws began chanting his requiem Of course the harangue soon brought Chief Chuck on the canter, and he was about to lave his hands in Tib's him to tarry in his immediate foot- stamping-mill blows on his chest. The my admiring gaze. 'And yet candor skirts, 'Chuck is away from home, all steps and listen. Tib's proposal was minute Tib stepped to meet him the fits the grasp,'

river champion, Marquis of Queensbury rules governing, and stake his gold mine secret against the little kid.

"Chuck gazed at his round face and bruised jaw in open amazement, and two-ton blow over the heart, simply then a look of admiration crept into his little black eyes. And it seemed to me as if he were pitying Tib in his savage fashion. 'It shall be so!' he cried, in his deep voice, that hisgrandsire's blood could not rob of its rumbling, chesty intonation.

"This is to be on the square?' insisted Tib.

"Chuck reminded him he would still retain the secret if cheated. Then he grew serious and faced his followers, and swore by their Shaman that the mill was not to be a double-cross. "I could see he was crazy for a go, and realized he had probably had but

little chance to practice. "Tib touched his jaw and shook his head, and said he would enter the ring on the morrow. While the chief was disappointed, he immediately sent in some stew for us to eat and some oil to rub Tib's bruises. You see, he didn't want the fracas to be too easy. He wanted to cherish and foster his opponent so as to have it interesting. Meanwhile we went to work. Tib had a gilt-edged memory and easily recalled all the blows so faithfully reproduced and diagnosed by our machine before Finzer and his men. I tried to make him let me take his place, for he was old enough to be my father, but he reminded me of my 2cent condition-lung trouble, you know-and I had to admit one good punch in the chest would lay me away to get dusty. Then I stood on a bale of furs and played I was the nut-brown champion, so that he could get used to the chief's height, while he hopped about like a rubber ball and did some fearful contortions. While I didn't believe he could ever lick Chuck, I hoped he would scare him to death by his maneuvers. 'He won't make my weight,' he declared, 'but if I've any friends tell 'em to place their money on me, for I'll annex that baby.'

"That night I rubbed him in oil, and he went to sleep early. Chuck kept the gang quiet outside our dormitory, and we were not disturbed until late next morning. When we stepped out into the sunlight the scenery impressed me as being out of joint. For in the midst of the Seal river's grand old stage settings was a roped arena that looked much like a parcel of the Bowery. And about it was a sea of flat faces, all eying with admiration the husky build of Chief Chuck. And he, despite the keen air, had been prompted by some New Bedford corpuscle to strip to the waist, quite in the approved pug style. Near our corner stood an old hag holding a blue-eyed, white-haired, splendid boy wrapped in furs. Lord, sir! His hair and eyes showed me at once he was the missionary's kid.

"Til teach him to accept my challenge,' muttered Tib, throwing off his coat, rolling up his shirt sleeves, and yanking his belt up another notch with a real professional air. 'Why don't he go and get a reputation before meeting the Green Mountain

Cannon Ball?" "And I stepped into the corner and called the names of the fighters, and the crowd grunted in anticipation of much pleasure. 'Time!' I yelled, my up the head of Tib's little hammer which some elf had broken in driving the stakes. 'Mr. McBurr, welter-weight champion of the Little Seal. Mr. T. Smith, the Vermont Passion Flower, who has licked everything on two legs, no matter how old, between the tropic of Capricorn and Pittsburg. Ready for the first go.'

"This spiel struck Chuck as being good, and he grinned appreciatively, while Tib bowed gravely and limbered up his right arm.

'Time.'

"And, say, sir, if you could have seen those two midgets mince towards each other on their tiptoes, Tib walking with a catty, hunching step he'd copied from the moving pictures, you would have felt a thrill of

"'By good rights he ought to cut a foot off each arm,' observed my man, as he ruefully eyed the other's enormous reach, nicely demonstrated when he advanced his immense paw and coyly concealed Tib's dimpled palm from view.

"Then in a second they sprang apart, and the big fellow feinted for the heart and snapped a dirty left at Tib's brow. Tib dodged, but the brawny knuckles barked his right eye in passing, and the crowd jeered and rocked back and forth in delight. Well, sir, the smack of that blow cut me to the heart. I simply couldn't bear to see the dear old boy cuffed.

"'Kick him, Tib,' I groaned, my

eyes watering anger. 'Ashamed of you,' he mumbled, avoiding a rush and ducking to the ropes. 'This seems on the square, and I won't lose the babe by fouling. And he nearly lost his block by pausing to kiss his bleeding digits to the kid. The blow was a left book and jarred him badly, sir, but after he had caught the kld's eye and made him chuckle and crow and try to jump from the old hag's arms, he seemed to gather new cunning, and for the rest of the round managed to escape serious damage.

"'Rush in,' I begged, as he sat in the corner and I rubbed some oil on his knobby forehead. 'Infighting, number five pictures, remember,' I whis-

"He winked his uninjured eye slyly, tossed another kiss to the kid, and I called for round two. Champion Chuck had been walking back and forth before his admirers, showing how hardy he was by delivering

simply this: He would fight the Seal | champ's long steel arm shot out like a trip hammer; but, dear, dear! the way Tib bobbed under and around it and sank a pudgy fist into Chuck's cruel face, and followed it up with a swept 'em off their feet, sir. The old hags began to yowl, and the men threw up their hands to the totem poles beseechingly and asked of their gods why this was thus, and Chuck went to the ropes.

> "Oh, no, he wasn't tinged with venom when he got up and came gliding towards Rutland's Pride with long. catlike steps! You see, he saw his laurels would wither if he suffered many more jolts like that, even if he ultimately won out by sheer strength. His game was to finish Tib easily and gracefully, and when I yelled, 'Hurrah for the Green Mountain Tease!" and Tib made a little deprecatory bow and



An Ensemble of the Most Villainous Apologies for Bipeds.

smiled on the gurgling, crowing gate receipts, he adopted a crouching style and got Tib over the left eye and below the belt before I could sound the gong.

"The last drive hurt my man like sin, and I was mad clean through at such rank play. By rights he had lost the joust by fouling. Waltzing over to him I told him to eliminate that kind of dirty work or I'd give the decision to his opponent, but he grinned sardonically and, spitting out a tooth, made a playful lunge at my chin.

'Look out, old chap!' I warned, scuttling back to my panting nonparell. 'He's so mad he'll do all kinds

of crooked work to down you." 'Guess it was an accident,' gasped Tib, rubbing the pit of his stomach. What was that hook the Spider used?

"I told him, and the third round opened with my patron receiving a present on the side of his jaw that quickly puffed up to the size of a South African diamond, but in the rush that followed he worked the book, and the funny part of it was he thought it was on the level. He had ducked under Chuck's crouching guard and had sent a raking right from jaw to ear, and then, in some outlandish way I never understood, he gave the Seal river belt-holder the point of his sturdy elbow just under throat getting a bit choky, as I picked | the ear. Really, sir, it would have Chuck with a spike-maul. He rolled and writhed in agony in his corner, trying to corral his wind, and Tib, throwing out his panting chest, ignored his opportunity to finish the brute, and instead walked in his cocky gait to the ropes and reached out a trembling hand and patted the kid's white hair.

"That moment of tenderness was near his undoing. For the youngster grabbed his crimsoned fingers with all his tiny strength and wouldn't let go. And Tib, despite the fact Chuck was now up and doing, with a heart to make him look like a minced ham, would not yank rudely away. As a result they clinched, and Tib got a stinger on the side that nearly laid him low. I called time repeatedly, but the chief was thoroughly inflamed now, because of the elbow hook, and would not break so long as he thought he was winning. Then the kid took fright, his foolish baby mind instinctively telling him the two men weren't acting polite, and he sent up a shrill howl you could hear even above the guttural clamor of the on-lookers.

"When Tib heard this quivering pipe he struggled like a madman, and gave Chuck the edge of his hand on the bridge of his nose. It was one of those rasping, irritating moves that bring tears, and the double-crosser had to back up.

"'I'm almost too old for this game, growled Tib, his breath coming in sobs. 'And that rogue acts more un wholesome every round. But wait, I'll teach him who's holding big casino."

"In the next six rounds he upper cut his man twice, laying open both fat lips, and then smashed in one between the eyes that you could have heard reecho over in Greenland. The chief let out a bellow and began fighting like an octopus, kicking, biting, and scratching, with Tib doing nothing but trying to keep clear.

'Break away!' I yelled, trying to dive between them with out-stretched arms, quite like Spike McDougall in the pictures. But it was nearly two minutes before I could get them apart.

"'He'll never fight square again,' lamented Tib, tenderly feeling eight inches from his head in an effort to locate his ear. My heart sank as I counted his bruises, and I could have wept for the jolts he had received. Then my hand hit against the small hammer-head in my ride pocket, and, inspired, I whispered, passing it over with wizard skill: 'Nall him. It just

"I hate to be so low and ornery even in this kind of a mill,' he re monstrated, palming it with all his oldtime, parlor-magic grace.

'Remember the tow-head,' I urged. "Gimme it, he growled, forgetting he had already made it disappear.

"Chief Chuck now lunged forward, not walting for the word. His eyes were bloodshot and soapsuds flecked his mouth. I could see he had discarded all frills and fancies and meant just plain, ugly business. In a second they were a revolving wheel of legs and arms.

"'Soak him!' I howled, dancing up and down, and suddenly the bunch flew into two pieces, and each piece finally quieted down and resolved itself into a man. Tib was the man standing.

"'I feel kind of cheap,' he grinned, feebly.

moving to cautiously place his hand on his jaw. And the astonished crowd saw the swathy flesh puff out to the Kings 17:6); miraculously increases the had been unable to really injure his fron frame and bullet head heretofore. He had made him smart, had pestered him, but he hadn't really weakened him any. That smash on the jaw with the hammer-head was like having the elevated hit you. And the mob, always having believed him invincible, couldn't understand it.

"When he staggered to his feet he sorrowfully and carefully examined the death dealing knuckles. Then he shook his head gingerly and croaked: 'Big medicine. White man's Shaman is great spirit.

keeping this brass knuckle from all have been a right motive to which human ken.

ratic gait. 'Dam big medicine.'

"One of his henchmen speedily brought him a case bottle of cheap rum, and after swallowing the greater portion of this he began to change year.

"For, just as Chuck sank almost to one knee in letting drive his sinewy left. Tib sprang two feet into the air and swung his terrible, battling right in a complete circle and brought it down, palm outward, squarely on top of the astonished, barbarous slugger's thick-thatched cranium, not once, but thrice. The hammer-head projected from the fist for an inch. Chuck simply rolled over on his side with one deep groan, and his children howled

in horror. "'One, two, three,' panted Tib, standing over his foe and accompanying each count-out numeral with a trem-

bling sweep of his fat forefinger. "'O wow! ow!' groaned the heath-

"'Four, five,' continued Tib, firmly, "'O wow! owee! Shaman! O-u-g-h!" wailed the flat-faced audience, praying vain to their totem poles.

"'Da, da, da,' gurgled the baby, as its custodian rolled it into the ring so as to gain freedom of motion to beat her head against the hideously carved wooden pillars.

"'Six, seven,' added Tib, remorse lessly, stooping quickly and picking up the crowing purse.

'Faster, faster! Give him the count in a rush!' I screamed, entirely losing my head.

"'Eight, nine,' the old chap called, now counting more slowly in rebuke to me, thus giving the prostrate chief a fair chance to rally.

"And the tribe, thinking he was pumping more evil-spring tonic into its leader, began supplicating him with a medley of sounds to quit his magic.

the baby close "'Down and out! Hooray!' I yelled,

cutting an intricate pigeon wing, much to the kid's felicitation. "'Out?' groaned Mr. McBurr, thickly, staggering to his feet. 'Say, white

man, what did it? What brought the darkness?" And in awe and with something akin to reverence he lightly stroked the cluster of horns on the top of his head. For the trio of blows had caused as many little mountain peaks to push up the coarse, black hair.

"'Big medicine,' replied Tib, setting the baby on his tired shoulder and jumping over the ropes.

to stop us, but Chuck, being a square ture sport, once the battle had been fought, hung dizzily to the ropes and with bowing head waved them back. 'Let them all go. Methodist! Big medicine!' he muttered.

patron led the way down the Little the character of the Son of God."-Seal until we found the men and the Cornelius Woelfkin. boat. I looked back once and saw that Chief Chuck McBurr was still clinging to the ropes of the ring, while his children seemed intent on packing and studying the records of his life, up and moving away. Maybe they by loving him, by working with him were deserting a leader whose medi- for his cause, by dwelling on his charcine was so weak, but it was almost acter, and counseling with him in pathetic to see the hig man lingering prayer

on the scene of his downfall. "And although we never went back the only time Tib ever shied his castor of the sea, the more you drink the up his heels in his father's home in righteousness.

Jesus the Bread of Life

Sunday School Lesson for March 8, 1908 Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.-John 6:23-51. Memory GOLDEN TEXT.—"Jesus said unto hem: 1 am the bread of life."—John

TIME.-The day after our last les-on, when Jesus fed the 5,000, April, A.

PLACE.-Gennesaret, a beautiful plain on the western shore of the Sea of Gali-ee, south of Capernaum. SCRIPTURE REFERENCES Jesus

the Bread of Life. John 6:48-51, 58; I Cor. Il:23-26, and the use of "bread" in the institution of the Lord's Supper. "I feel kind of cheap," he grinned, feebly.

"But, dear, dear! if you only could have seen Chuck! He sat perfectly quiet, gazing abstractly at a tree, only moving to cautiously place his hand structure of the Lords supper. Compared Manna referred to in John 6:49, 50; Ex. 16:14-25; Neb. 9:15; Psa. 78:24, 6:11; Zi Jesus the Life. John 1-4; 5:24; 6:11; Zi Jesus the Life. John 1-4; 5:25; 5:11-13, 20; 2 Cor. 4:10; Gal. 2:30; Col. 2:3; 2 Tim. 1:1, 10; Rev. 2:7. Old Testament Miracles of Feeding approximately and contracted and cont compared and contrasted with this mir-tele of Jesus. Elijah fed by ravens (1 Kings 17:6); miraculously increases the Elisha feeds 100 men with 20 loaves (2 Kings 4:42-44).

Comment and Suggestive Thought. Why did the people seek Jesus? This question in v. 25 implies that the next morning the people had been searching for Jesus, not having seen him leave the fields where the miracle had been wrought.

Two motives are given: the higher motive they ought to have had, and lurched to Tib with open hands, and the lower motive which predominated. V. 26. "Jesus answered" not their spoken question, but their spiritual need which their conduct asked. "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles." R. V., "signs," the Greek name 'I'm a Methodist,' said Tib, grimly, for miracles used here. This would Jesus himself appealed. They were "'Methodist big medicine,' repeated not attracted by the miracles as Chuck simply, walking back to his signs of God's love, as types and corner with a slightly swollen, er- proofs that Jesus was the Messiah, as invitations to trust and love him. "But because ye did eat the loaves, and were filled." The verb means "were satisfied as a beast with fodder."-Whitelaw. They were not hypocrites; his mind a bit and protest that the they only took a low view, and were Seal Shaman overstepped any Metho- selfish. Their motives lay chiefly in dist by several yards. And cracking the results of the miracles; the healhis heels together to show he was ing, the satisfying of hunger, and not still in fine fettle, he rushed to drag in the miracles as signs. They saw Tib from his corner. It was at this the outward form of the miracles, but critical point, sir, that Tib delivered | not the soul; the husk, but not the his famous sprocket-wheel swing, the kernel; they read the words as in an blow that lamed his shoulder for a unknown tongue, but did not see their meaning.

They were like the Roman soldier, who, finding an embroidered purse of jewels, kept the purse, but threw away the priceless gems.

Why did Jesus answer as he did? By this answer Jesus tried to lift the minds and hearts of the people to higher motives and clearer views of the truth.

How did Jesus lead them to higher aims in life? V. 27. "Labor not." Work not; the same word as "work" in vs. 28-30 below. "For the meat which perisheth." The food for the body. This is not to be the chief end

even of work for daily food. V. 31. "Our fathers did eat manna in the desert" (see Ex. 16.) "As it is written" (Ex. 16:4; Psa. 78:24, Septuagint version). Moses, our founder lawgiver and leader, to whom the promised Deliverer is to be like (Deut.

18:15; Acts 3:22). "Moses proved that he was sent from God by giving the people bread from heaven to eat; now what do you do that is greater than this to prove that you are the greater prophet, even the Messiah, who will deliver us from our bondage to the Romans, as Moses delivered us from the Egyptians? Jesus had fed 5,000 with five loaves from the earth for one meal. Moses had fed millions for 40 years with read from heaven."

The Tests.-Such are the tests of true religion, by which we may recognize it and distinguish it from all substitutes that are offered. (1) It is from heaven and bears the marks of its heavenly origin. (2) It gives life, awakens and sustains every faculty. (3) It is for the soul, the spiritual nature, more than for the body. "'Ten-and out!' criea Tib, hugging (4) It blesses for this life, but especially prepares for eternal life, and assures us of its blessedness. (5) It is universal, for all ages, and for all men, under all circumstances. (6) But, like earthly bread, it must be caten in order to avail.

What is meant by Jesus as the Bread of Life? How does he feed our souls? First. He by his atonement and holy spirit imparts spiritual life, the new life of God in the soul. We are "born of the Spirit."

Second. The soul needs food as really as the body. Every faculty of the soul needs its own food, that will strengthen and sustain its life, de relop its powers, make it grow into "The spectators instinctively started the fullness and perfection of its na-

Third. Jesus feeds the soul in every part. "How many characteristics are necessary to make our character Godlike. We do not know. There must be love, humility, submission, pa-"'Owee! owee!' coughed the tribe tience, hope, gentleness, joy, and all "And with the tot in his arms my the qualities that entered to compose

> Fourth. We come into this personal communion with Jesus, and within the power of his personality, by reading

Fifth. Without God and his right. cousness, worldly things cannot satisfor the gold, and although that was fy the soul. They are like the waters into a ring, he always regrets he had | thirstier you are. Even the wants of to use the hammer-head, until I re-minded him of the boy baby kicking satisfied except through God and his